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# LEISURE HOURS:

A SERIES OF POEMS,

ORIGINAL AND TRANSLATED,

BY

ZETA.

BIBLIOTHECA BODLEIANA

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## OVID.—METAMORPHOSES.—Book II.

### THE HOUSE OF ENVY.

DEEP in a cavern's vaults her house lies hid,
Void of all sun, fanned by no genial breeze,
One which no cheering flame illumines, where
An everlasting darkness reigns o'er all.
Here when the dreaded maid of battle came,
Before the doors she stood: nor deemed it right
Under the roof to go; but with her spear
She struck the doorposts, and the doors gave way.
Within, gnawing the flesh of vipers, food
To foster crimes, Envy herself she saw,

And turned her from the sight aghast.

But she,

Sluggishly rising from the gloomy earth,

Leaving her meal of serpents half devoured,

With laggard steps drew near. And when she saw

The goddess, girt with armour, beauty-bright,

She groaned within, and o'er her features traced

The painful struggle of her secret grief.

Pallor sits in her cheeks, leanness her frame;

Her eye ne'er brightens with an open glance:

A nauseous filth clogs on her blackening teeth:

Her breasts grow vigorous with a loathsome gall:

Steeped in a deadly venom is her tongue:

She never smiles but at another's grief.

A myriad wakeful cares fly off with sleep:

She sees men prosper but to move her spleen,

And make her pine and wither at the sight.

Thus doth she gnaw and feed a cankerworm,
And is her own punition.
Yet, although
Imbued with feelings of a recent hate,
To her thus briefly fair Minerva said:
"Touch with thy venom her whom I shall name
Of Cecrops' daughters. So 'tis needed now.
Aglaurus is that one."
She spake, and fled,
Striking her spear in earth as she arose.
Envy with glance askant beheld her flight,
And feebly muttered her intestine grief,
That soon success would on Minerva wait.
She grasps her twisted staff, encircled round
With thorny bands; and wrapt in ebon clouds,
Where'er she treads she tramples down the flowers
That deck the fields, and scorches up the grass.

The topmost crags she seizes, whence is borne
The loathsome venom of her hateful breath,
Polluting whole peoples, cities, dwellings.
She spies at length Minerva's citadel,
Blooming with genius, wealth, and joyous peace;
And scarcely she the rising tear subdues,
At sight of that which ne'er could tears evoke.

## HORACE.—Book I.—Ode IV.

SWEET Spring and Western breezes free
  Us from stern Winter's chain,
And ships, long stranded dry, we see
  Dragg'd on towards the main.

The beast hath no desire for stalls,
  The ploughman no delight
For the fireside; no hoar-frost falls,
  To make the meadows white.

Now rings the dance by Venus led,
  The blooming Cyprian queen,
While Luna beaming full o'erhead,
  Looks out upon the scene.

Now shakes the earth, as hand in hand,
  Alternate with their feet
The Nymphs and Graces: one bright band
  Of loveliness most sweet.

The heavy forge, by Cyclops stirr'd,
  Emits the sounding blow,
While toiling Vulcan gives the word,
  His features all aglow.

Our shining heads 'tis fitting now
  To crown with myrtle green,
Or flowers, that on the blooming brow
  Of unbound earth are seen.

Now in the shady groves 'tis good
  A lamb or kid to slay
For Faunus, whichsoe'er he would,
  Our wonted thanks to pay.

Pale Death his dreadful summons brings,
  With an impartial tread,
Knocks at the palaces of kings,
  As at the lowly shed.

O happy Sextius, this life's space,
  Forbids a long delay,
Already Night draws on apace,
  Ghosts beckon thee away;

And waits thee Pluto's narrow house,
  To which when thou art past,
No longer thine in deep carouse
  The telling die to cast;

No tender Lycidas to love,
  Whom every youth admires,
Whose winning charms the Virgins move,
  Touch'd by Love's gentler fires.

## HORACE.—Book I.—Ode V.

WHAT graceful youth, moist odours breathing,
Neath some sweet grot with roses fair,
Woos thee Pyrrha? For whom art wreathing,
With simple taste, thy golden hair?

Ah! many a time thy guile deploring,
And gods estranged, he shall be seen
To view with wonder tempests roaring
O'er seas that once so bright have been.

Now in thy loveliness confiding,
Unheeding thy deceptive breath,
He trusts thou wilt be his, abiding
Beautiful and true till death.

Alas for those unwarn'd! Thy splendour
  Is ever but a fickle thing.
Lo, on his sacred wall I tender
  My dripping garb to ocean's king.

## HORACE.—Book I.—Ode XI.

SEEK not I pray, Leuconoë love, ('tis sinful) to explore
What term of years for me and thee the gods may have in store;
Nor try the dark mysterious lore Chaldean tables give,
But rather learn, whate'er befall, in thankfulness to live.
Jove may, perchance, extend our years, or this may be our last,
While on the rocks the Tyrrhene waves are shatter'd by the blast.

Be wise, pour out the sparkling wine, and from
life's narrow space
Cut off long hopes; for while we speak Time
flies with greedy pace:
Trust little to the future then, the passing day
embrace,

## HORACE.—Book I.—Ode XIV.

O SHIP, rising billows now bear thee again
To the deep! What thou doest beware!
To the port stoutly hold. Can'st not plainly perceive
That thy side of its rowers is bare?

Thy mast is all split by the rapid South-west,
And thy storm-beaten timbers complain,
And thy hull without cables can scarcely endure
The imperious rage of the main.

Not unmaim'd are thy sails, nor thy gods, whom once more
Hard-prest thou may'st call to thine aid;
Tho' in Pontus thy parent pine rose to the sky,
Noble child of the deep forest shade,

Thou may'st boast of a race, and a name got for nought.
No faith timid seamen can have
In painted barks. Have a care, unless thou art doom'd
To be sport for the wind and the wave.

But lately the source of my watchful unrest,
My desire now, and trouble not light,
Oh, may'st thou avoid the dread waters between
Those Cyclades shining so bright.

## HORACE.—Book II.—Ode X.

LICINIUS, would'st with wisdom keep,
Do not for ever tempt the deep,
Nor while the dreaded tempests roar,
Keep thou too near the perilous shore.

Whoe'er preserves the Golden Mean,
In sordid hut may ne'er be seen,
While on the stately palace he
Can gaze with equanimity.

The giant pine feels most the power
Of stormy blasts; the lofty tower
The heavier falls; the lightning's blow
Can lay the cloud-capt summits low.

For good or ill alike, we find
Duly prepared the well-train'd mind,
Since Jove, who brings the wintry gloom,
Can likewise bid the spring to bloom.

Though Fortune frown, she soon may smile,
The Muse shall oft thy hours beguile,
Well-taught Apollo's lyre to know,
Who does not always bend his bow.

When times go hard, firm courage show,
But oh! if o'er the ocean blow
Far more than a propitious gale,
Be wise; contract thy swelling sail.

## HORACE.—Book II.—Ode XIX.

YE coming ages this believe!
On rocks remote I Bacchus found,
Teaching the strains the Nymphs receive,
While goat-foot Satyrs throng around.

Evœ! I shake with recent fear!
My bosom filled with Bacchus' fire,
Maddens with joy! Evœ! forbear,
Forbear, thou with the thyrsus dire!

I'll sing of stubborn Thyades:
The fount of wine, the milky streams,
And honey dropped from hollow trees,
Shall be my never-ending themes.

And I will sing of thy blest spouse,
  Who holds among the stars a place;
And how fell Pentheus' shatter'd house,
  How died Lycurgus, King of Thrace.

Streams dost thou turn, and the rude sea
  Dost thou control, and cheer'd with wine,
Dost on lone heights in harmless glee,
  Thy Thracians' locks with vipers twine.

When once against the heavenly law,
  The giants scaled thy sire's domain,
With lion's claws, and dreadful maw,
  Thou dashed'st Rhœtus back again.

Unskill'd in fight wast thou declared,
  Fitter for dance, and festive glee;
For peace and war alike prepared,
  That fearful strife determined thee.

The Hell Dog, harmless, saw thee deck'd
With thy bright horn of gold, and swung
Softly his tail, and gently lick'd
Thy parting feet with triple tongue.

## HORACE.—Book III.—Ode III.

### THE RESOLUTE MAN.

THE man of virtue, stout of heart,
No rabble's threatening rage can shake,
No tyrant's frown can make him quake,
And from his solid purpose start.
Though stormy Auster lash the sea,
And Jove, with his almighty hand,
Hurl his dread bolts upon the land,
He dreads no danger, no, not he.
Yea, though the Universe should break,
Fearless he'd view the mighty wreck.

FROM THE FRENCH.

## LINES AGAINST A CRITIC.

MY efforts he condemns, but I
Count that a small calamity;
For when they point me out the man,
And I begin his worth to scan,
His follies have such mighty weight,
I marvel and exclaim, "How great!"

## LINES ON A DOCTOR.

A LEECH, profoundly ignorant
Of healing, yet was wont to vaunt,
"My patients ne'er complain that I
Have treated them unskilfully."
Quoth then a certain wag, "'Tis true;
"'Tis in the other world they rue."

## LA FONTAINE.—Book I.—Fab. XV.

A HAPLESS wight, day after day
Invoking Death, was heard to say,
"O Death, how fair to me thou art,
Compared with want's relentless smart!
Come quickly, end my cruel fate."
Death heard, and came his wish to sate.
With hollow sound he knocks his door,
Enters, and stands the man before.
"Ah me!" he cried, "What do I see?
What hideous phantom beckons me?

Remove, sweet friends, this ghastly sight,
That fills my senses with affright,
And stops with icy chill my breath.
O Death, begone! Begone, O Death!"
Mæcenas, worthy man, once said,
"Afflict me with all evils dread,
With crippled form, the plaguy gout,
Or loss of limb; disease without,
Within, so that I live, enough!
More than content these ills I'll rough."
Each hour constrained by very fear,
We all cry out, "Death come not near!"

## CHANSON SPIRITUELLE.

BY degrees the veil of night
Vanishes before the light,
And the stars all fade away,
At the Sun's approaching ray.

Come my soul, and walk abroad,
Praise the everlasting Lord,
Who, by his surpassing grace,
Rules and guides the minutes' space.

Lord, who dost in love bestow
This bright Sun's unequalled glow
Ever on the good and ill,
Us with light celestial fill;
So shall we thy servants come,
Joyful, to our heavenly home.

## CALUMNY.

O KINGS, of Calumny beware!
Her impious doings can create
Disorder in a peaceful state,
And all its happiness impair.

Greedy of blood she walks abroad,
And seeks in guileless souls a prey;
O Kings, take care from those away,
Her ever murderous tongue to ward.

Howe'er melodious sounds her tone,
From such a monster keep apart;
For vengeance lurketh in her heart,
And pity knows her lips alone.

With keen and subtle fraud she flings
Her flowery wreaths along the way;
But wheresoe'er her footsteps stray,
Repentance unavailing springs.

## SONG.

THE dawn is come, and dost thou close
Thy doors, my fair one? Sleepest thou?
Rise from thy dreams; the morning rose,
With its soft fragrance calls thee now.

And hear you not
Your lover true,
Who sings and weeps,
My fair, for you?

All nature seems to summon thee;
Aurora says, "Behold the day!"
The bird says, "I am harmony!"
And "I am love," my heart doth say.
And hear you not
Your lover true,
Who sings and weeps,
My fair, for you?

Thee I adore as one divine,
And fondly cherish thy fair face;
Thy soul was made to blend with mine,
That there I might thy beauty trace.
Then hear you not
Your lover true,
Who sings and weeps,
My fair, for you?

## THE ANNIVERSARY.

AH me! I recollect, ten years this day,
My father's spirit pass'd from earth away.
I listen, and the very hour I hear,
The hour that cost me many a mournful tear.
When softly to the bed of death I stept,
One held me back, and said, "He sleeps." I wept.
But from the neighbouring belfry, when the bell
Rang out its tidings, every death-note fell,
Vibrating deeply in my broken heart;
I too, methought, was called with life to part.

My loss I read in all that met my sight,
But chiefly when the dusky veil of night
Dropp'd from the sky, I miss'd him ; for then he
Was wont to take and set me on his knee.
I stay'd in vain by his deserted chair,
Where I was wont his evening kiss to share.
In sleep I saw his image oft appear,
Just as in life, most noble, and most dear.
My grief was boundless ; daily flow'd my tears,
Which ne'er have soften'd with the lapse of years.
When in his father's arms a son I view,
I sigh, and say, "I had a father too!"
In tender love sweet Fancy weaves her charms,
And brings him ever to my longing arms.
Ah! when the Autumn with unwelcome mood,
Shall shake the sere leaves from the yellow wood,
My father, where I saw thee last I'll stray,
And weep in secret o'er thy swift decay.

Where rest thy ashes will I sadly roam,
On those fair borders water'd by the Somme.
A simple flower I'll bear thy tomb to crown,
And chant these numbers on the dewy stone.

## MILLEVOYE.

STRIPP'D was the wood by Autumn's breeze,
Around the spoils were thickly shed:
Void was the grove of mysteries,
The tuneful nightingale had fled.

Sadly a youth, in whom the dawn
Of life was fading fast away,
With weary wandering steps, forlorn,
'Mid childhood's haunts was seen to stray.

Dear woods farewell! for I must die;
Your gloom foretells my fate's decree;
And in your wither'd foliage I
Can read the doom that waits for me.

For he, the sage prophetic, said,
  Ah! once again shall meet thy view
The yellow leaves of Autumn shed.
  Ah! once again, and then adieu!

The cypress wreath around thy brow
  Is twining now with dismal gloom,
And paler than the Autumn thou
  Art swiftly sinking to the tomb.

Before in yonder meadow fade
  The verdant tints, before the vine
On yonder hill shall lose its shade,
  Thy youthful beauty shall decline.

And I shall die! The fatal blast
  Hath blown its chill across my face;
And 'ere my life's sweet Spring is past,
  Its dreary Winter comes apace.

Fall, fall, thou wither'd foliage frail,
This gloomy path untrodden keep;
Oh, from my weeping mother veil,
Where I to-morrow morn must sleep.

But if to weep at eve be led
To this lone spot my darling maid,
Her airy step shall wake the dead,
And kindly soothe my troubled shade.

He said, and pass'd for aye away,
The last frail leaf the signal gave,
That mark'd for him life's closing day.
Beneath the oak they dug his grave.

But never maiden came and wept
Beside that solitary stone;
The silent earth, wherein he slept,
Echoed the shepherd's step alone.

## LOVE.

I LOVED when life was in its prime,
Love only fill'd so brief a time;
And, when to wiser years I grew,
Reason declared my love was true.

Now I am old, and day by day,
Life's pleasures one by one decay;
But Love remains to soothe my heart.
Ah! woe is me, should he depart.

## ROMANCE DE JOCONDE.

THE youth, inflamed by jealous heats,
Has often from his loved one stray'd,
And while his heart with anger beats,
Has sworn to seek some other maid.
But wheresoe'er his footsteps turn,
His thoughts to his first love return.

Ah! Time can ne'er true love destroy,
And our remembrances may prove
The greatest source of all our joy,
When we reflect on those we love.
But wheresoe'er our passions turn,
Our thoughts to earlier loves return.

## THE ROSE TREE.

I PLANTED it, and watch'd it grow,
That rose-tree fair, and hour by hour,
I hear the merry music flow,
From birds that nestle in its bower.

O happy birds, an amorous band,
For pity's sake your song restrain;
My love is in a distant land,
And I disconsolate remain.

For foreign wealth these arms he flees,
And hazards death. Ah! wherefore roam
In other lands, far o'er the seas,
When he may find such love at home?

Ye swallows, visitants of spring,
  Ye wandering birds, but ever true,
When every year ye come, oh bring
  My love across the seas with you.

# ORIGINAL POEMS.

## TO SPRING.

SWEET Nymph come forth, with verdure clad,
And make the Meadows smile,
Thy sister, Flora, waiteth thee,
And droops her head meanwhile.

Stern Winter's chain hath bound us long,
Thy presence sets us free;
And Pleasure waits with all her charms,
To join the dance with thee.

Why, so abash'd, dost veil thy face,
And all-retiring seem?
Aurora hastens thee to meet,
And bears a golden beam.

Lo, smilingly, thy step to greet,
  The starlike daisies spring,
And with rich hymns the feather'd choir
  Make hill and valley ring.

Then come, without thy crowning grace,
  Half lovely is the scene;
Come with green garlands round thy brow,
  And in thy tresses sheen.

## HARP OF ZION.

HARP of Zion, he who sang
Of old to thy harmonious strings,
With rapture glow'd, like spirits borne
To realms of light on cherub wings.

Silent those seraphic strains,
That yielded to his matchless hand,
Who strings a golden harp, and wears
A crown in the celestial land.

Silent here; but there more sweet,
Attuned to the angelic choir,
Around the sapphire throne of God
Thy music breathes a living fire.

## THE LOST FRIEND.

AND he is dead! We weep in vain,
To bring his spirit back again:
For even though the mournful cry
Should echo to the far-off sky,
He will return no more
Across the unseen shore.

While yet with us he lived and moved,
While yet with us he lived and loved,
So brightly pass'd the hours away,
No cloud obscured the summer's day.
But he, alas! is dead,
And those bright hours have fled.

Yet in our hearts his face we view,
And bid his virtues live anew;
So while the lamp of love shall burn,
And Memory keep her ancient urn,
Oft may we, side by side,
Tell how he lived and died.

## SONG OF A STAR.

WITH loving eyes I watch'd a star,
Bright thoughts it seem'd to bring,
And as I fonder grew, methought
I heard it sweetly sing—

"I am the Star of Love and Joy,
Be mine no fairer name;
Bright thoughts, and loving words, and smiles,
Are kindled by my flame.

Brighter I shine than all the stars
That gem the vaulted sky;
With them I come in robes of light,
And reign supreme on high.

In ages long since pass'd away,

Was seen my silvery light,

And while earth's fleeting glories fade,

My lamp will still be bright."

## SONNET.

I LOVE to hear the mellow music flow,
Which from the top of some tall elm the thrush
Pours to the sky; while many a voice I know,
Is heard responsive from the brake and bush.
I pause, enchanted by the little rill,
That glides melodiously along the mead,
And with its prattle, blended with the trill
Of happy songsters, I no longer need
A balm to soothe the soul with grief oppress'd.
My bosom dances with the leaping stream,
And in my heart I feel a sweet unrest,
Like to the rapture of a pleasant dream;
While the clear notes of yonder bird to me
Sound like some gay, celestial melody.

## SHADOWS OF THE PAST.

SOMETIMES in dreams before our eyes
The curtains of oblivion rise,
And forms and features long since fled
To slumber with the peaceful dead,
Move through the air, a shadowy band
Of spirits from the unseen land.

We gaze and wonder, can these be
Our dear departed friends we see?
And fancy for a moment flies,
We deem these forms realities,
But strive to grasp them, and they fly,
Swift as the winds across the sky.

## TO SLEEP.

---

COME Sleep, Death's brother, and my soul
  Steep in oblivion, that I may
Forget the many griefs that roll
  In surges round this heart of clay.

So rock me in thine arms that I
  May sleep as when, a little child,
I sought thee with an earnest eye,
  And slept beneath thine influence mild.

Strew thy young flowers about my bed,
  That I may draw their fragrant breath,
And let thy genial dews be shed,
  And I shall sleep as still as death.

## FAREWELL.

---

FAREWELL! Oh. what a sound is there!
The night wind wafts it through the air,
And round the fluttering heart,
Unnumbered sorrows swiftly roll,
And through the deep desponding soul
Sad recollections dart.

Ah! who, but he who once has known
What 'tis to part from all we own
Most dear, can ever tell

What sighs, what clasped hands, what fears,
Regrets, and unavailing tears,
Are in that word, farewell!

## THE BRIDEGROOM'S CALL.

---

COME in, come in, the Bridegroom saith,
Before it be too late,
Before the midnight hour be past,
And closed the pearly gate.

The feast with heavenly taste is spread,
The guests are thronging in,
With lustre beameth every face,
From living light within.

They shine, these happy guests, in robes
Of never fading light,
For in the blood of Christ the Lamb,
They've washed those robes so white.

They have no grief, for God has wiped
The tear from every eye,
And feeds them from the heavenly store
Of joys which cannot die.

Will you not come? the Bridegroom saith,
Before it be too late?
Before the midnight hour be past,
And closed the pearly gate?

## SONG.

### THE VILLAGE.

I LOVE the little Village,
'Neath the blue, ethereal sky,
And its groups of rosy children,
And its flowers of every dye.

So pleasant seems each cottage,
And its welcome is so free,
Oh! the charming little Village
Is a home of love to me.

Round each ruddy hearth at evening,
What sweet songs of joy are heard,
Soaring upward with the breezes,
Like the music of a bird!

Then the prattle of the children,
And their laughter, wildly free!
Oh! the charming little Village
Is a home of love to me.

It enjoys a brighter sunshine
Than the crowded cities know,
And its sky is ever clearer,
And its breezes purer blow.

But oh! the happy summers,
And the song-bird's merry glee!
These have made the little village
Quite a fairy land to me.

## TO ———

DEAR Maiden, with the bright black eye,
And glossy locks that thickly flow
About a neck as pure as snow,
Why dost thou heave so deep a sigh?

Has sorrow entered thy young heart,
Where only thoughts of joy should dwell?
Whate'er it be, I pray thee tell,
Sweet maid, that I may bear a part.

Nay, lovely damsel, weep not so.
When on a face so beautiful,
I see those drops of sorrow fall,
I feel a pang no mortals know.

Come, let me kiss that tear away;
And o'er those features ting'd with woe,
Let their accustomed brightness flow,
Like sunbeams on a lake at play.

## TO THE LARK.

DELICIOUS warbler, in my boyish days,
'Twas my delight to watch thy glittering wings
Bear thee far upward, 'mid those golden rays
Which Summer in her beauty ever brings.
And then, I saw thee but a speck, a mite,
In the celestial regions far away,
And heard thy song when thou wert out of sight,
Among the clouds of golden light astray.
How often did I wish, sweet bird, to soar
With thee far upward to those regions high,
Where I might bask in sunshine evermore,
And breathe the odours of ambrosial sky!
Such childish fancies did my bosom fill;
I fain would revel in such fancies still.

## THE VIOLET.

THERE is no flower I love so well,
Of all the flowers that blow,
Its worth no eloquence can tell,
No painter's art can show.

And yet, 'tis not its beauteous dye,
But its simplicity,
That makes it dear to every eye,
And more than dear to me.

The fairest offspring of the Hours,
Almost concealed from view,
It rears its head 'mid verdant bowers,
And sips the fragrant dew.

And thus it is content to bloom,
  In simple beauty drest;
And only asks for its perfume,
  That it may humbly rest;

Rest in its own secluded vale,
  Unsought, and unadored,
Where it may catch the Zephyr's gale,
  And waft its sweets abroad.

## A REFLECTION.

OH, who is he,
The stubborn heart,
Who dares to say,
There is no God?
Are they indeed,
The glorious heaven,
And this fair world,
The work of chance?
Nay, reason thou,
Talk not so rash,
Behold thyself,
And say, who gave
That power within
To think and do?

Who fashioned thee
With knowledge fair?
Or step aside
To yonder wood,
And hear the strains
Which Nature pours
From every bough;
And catch the breath
Of the young flowers,
And say if they,
Or yonder brook
That leaps with joy,
Are due to chance.
'Twere mockery.
To me the voice
Of Nature, is
The voice of God.

## THOUGHTS OF YOUTH.

WITH thoughts of Youth while Memory breathes,
And bears with me her part,
The sweetest recollections rise,
And blossom round my heart.

They bring to mind the joyous hours,
When Love and Hope were young,
And hand-in-hand together stray'd,
The pleasant fields among.

How swiftly then the moments flew,
And brought the setting sun,
And closed the pleasures of a day
That seem'd but just begun!

## THE ROBIN.

HOW blithely sings the Robin, when the m
Is softly usher'd through the eastern sky,
While lightly on the rising breeze is borne
The pleasing burthen of his minstrelsy!
How often hath the poet sung thy praise,
Sweet bird of Nature! yet to thy clear voic
How feeble are the poet's loftiest lays,
To bid the human heart and tongue rejoice!
Thou art the truest songster of the year,
The faithful friend, when other friends have
To seek the sunshine of a warmer sphere.
Faithful in life, fond bird, when I am dead,
Come thou and sing above my mossy grave,
The lulling melodies I used to have.

## THE RUINED CASTLE.

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HOW stern the Monarch Time sits on the walls
Of this old castle, crumbling to decay!
And while around the shatter'd framework falls,
I seem to hear the hoary monarch say:
"So falleth greatness at the withering blast
Of Time's rude breath; and in the silent dust
Shall sleep the pride and glory of the past."
He spake, and lo, I heard a hollow gust
Sweep through the towers, and echo loud and shrill,
The fearful message of his changeless will.

## ON SEEING A CHILD'S GRAVE.

HERE rests she in a quiet grave,
Beneath the grassy sod,
A child, too beautiful for earth,
But meet to be with God.

Blow little flowers above her tomb,
Fair monuments of grief,
And emblems meet of her young life,
So beautiful, so brief.

"Buried with him in Baptism!"
The simple words alone
Declare the fairy form that sleeps
Beneath that little stone.

But far beyond the shining stars,
  Her spirit passed we know,
Where cherub faces beam with light,
  And flowers eternal blow.

## SONNET.

HOW brightly fall the crystal drops of rain,
From heaven descending to refresh the earth,
Opening the verdant buds, while o'er the plain
The ripening blade appears in modest worth!
Hail, vernal showers! Blest is the Hand that gives,
And thankful to the Giver should we be
For these His gifts, whereby fair Nature lives,
And beauties spring from every flower and tree.
O bounteous Hand, omnipotent, divine!
In love bestowing with a Father's care,
The boon that makes the several seasons shine
With varied loveliness, surpassing fair:
To Thee, for this Thy best of gifts. we pour
Our hymns of praise, and Thy great might adore.

## TO CASSANDRA.

CASSANDRA, maiden pensive, fair,
Cassandra, let my heart declare
The fervent love I feel for thee;
Then say if thou my bride wilt be.

For I can ne'er behold thy face
Of pensive beauty, full of grace,
Without the fond desire to be
The faithful heart that beats for thee,

For thee alone, while life remains;
And when death rends the closest chains
That ever bound true hearts, our love
Shall blossom in the land above.

## TO PEACE.

---

DAUGHTER of Heaven, sweet Peace, for thee
The weary world is ever sighing,
Then say, when shall the weary see
Thy placid smile, all ill defying?

Men woo thee oft, but oh! how vain
The earthly quest, thy favours praying!
For not on earth could'st thou remain,
The earth with sinful pleasure straying.

The paths of virtue thou dost love,
And where the flowers of truth are blowing,
'Tis there thou dost delight to rove,
Thy blest serenity bestowing.

Day after day our feet have trod,
  To find thee here, but find thee never;
The Spirit says, "There's peace with God,
  For weary souls a rest for ever."

## THE OWL.

O GLOOMY, ghostlike, midnight bird,
The echo of the valley speaks
In answer to thy dismal shrieks,
And far and wide the cry is heard.

Art thou the messenger of fate,
To shout within the ruin'd tower,
The stern decree, the fatal hour,
That shook the hall with pride elate?

Or rather, bird, dost thou proclaim
The dreary time when spirits roam,
Where once arose their cherish'd home,
Their glory, and departed fame?

I start aside, and shrink with dread:
Thy hollow voice is fraught with fear,
And gloomy shadows fast appear,
And shrouded phantoms overhead.

I hate thee loving not the light,
And fain would chase thee from the tower,
Where at the dreary midnight hour,
Thou shoutest to the ear of Night.

## THE THREE VOICES.

I HEAR three voices speak to me,
And one is heard to say,
"The world is very fair to see,
The world must pass away."

Another, "Man is as a thing
Of nought, so soon to die,
And perish like the flowers that spring,
And bloom, and wither'd lie."

But oh! a third more potent cries,
And thunders in mine ear,
"The countless dead must all arise,
To judgment must appear."

## TO THE NIGHTINGALE.

VOICE of the night, the voice I love,
  Sweet nightingale, thy plaintive song
Once more is sounding in the grove,
  And on the breeze is borne along.

Dark and obscure, yea, dark as night,
  Is thy lone haunt of shadows drear;
Thou wilt supply the want of light,
  With tuneful accents, soft and clear,

And sweet, plaintively sweet to me;
  A voice of sorrow, and of joy,
That sings while Night's dark moments flee,
  Of hopes and fears a sweet alloy.

I hear thee, and enraptured stay,
  To listen to the varied strain,
And when my footsteps homeward stray,
  Thy music lures me back again.

Nor can I, but with sorrow, leave
  The blended notes thou dost renew;
For, in my heart, I half believe
  The ancient poet's fable true.

## ON HEARING A BLACKBIRD SINGING LATE.

NOT silent yet, bird of the golden bill?
Still does the valley ring to thy loud lay,
Till echo answers from the distant hill,
Or does sweet fancy cheat me? Nay, 'tis thou,
Like to a child that makes the most of day,
And hardly yields to night its joyous play.
Hark how the valley peals with music now!
Night fast approaches with her varying train
Of glittering stars, that one by one appear;
And still thou warblest thy melodious strain,
The woods to gladden, and the vales to cheer.

## IN HOMINEM LIBIDINOSISSIMUM.

I FAIN the man of lust would flee,
His squalid features sicken me;
For when I gaze upon the hue
Of lips, that quiver through and through
The eyes that seek within the head
To hide their faded lustre, dead
With loathsome and corrupt desires,
That madden still with smouldering fire
The shaking hand, the tottering gait,
That barely moves his feeble weight,
I scarcely can suppress my spleen.
But surely what hath been, hath been,
And he must soon complete his race,
That man with the cadaverous face.

## TO-MORROW.

"LET it be until to-morrow."
Thus do dallying mortals say,
Thus, unthinkingly, they borrow
Moments they can ne'er repay.

Deeply is the morrow hidden,
In a dark obscurity,
And to mortal man forbidden,
Closely veiled to every eye.

Hopes may brighten with the present,
Flowers may blossom fair to-day,
But those hopes however pleasant,
And those flowers may pass away,

When the treacherous morrow dawneth;
Vain then is the quest to find
Solace for the heart, that mourneth
Golden moments left behind.

## AN INCIDENT.

I MET a little prattler, who
Had gather'd in a sunny hour,
The primrose and the daisy flower,
And many a flower besides.

Then with a blushing cheek she gave
Her fairy wild flowers all to me,
"For you," she said, and seem'd to be
A rosebud, fairer far than all.

I smiled, and took them from her hand,
And she from crimson lips bestow'd
A little kiss, that warmly glow'd
With childish innocence and love.

And so whenc'er I view the beds
Of wild flowers in the meadow fair,
I think of her who pluck'd them there,
Herself the fairest flower of all.

## TO A BEE.

THOU musically murmuring bee,
With the bright sunshine on thy wing,
I joy to hear thee softly sing,
And see thee fly from flower to tree,

From tree to flower, and sip each sweet
That hides within the blossom fair,
And with thy burden cleave the air,
On gauzy pinions, bright and fleet.

Thy pleasing hum of industry,
Unceasingly, in summer hours,
I hear among the fragrant bowers,
Where nectar-crown'd the flowerets lie.

And there I've watch'd thee in the sun,
Have seen thee hover round a flower,
Have heard thee murmur hour by hour,
Where mellow streams like music run.

Fair, very fair art thou to me,
A wise instructor, wiser far
Than all the world's proud boasters are,
Thou musically murmuring bee.

## A WISH.

WHEN shadows fall fast, and the brow of the night
Grows darker and darker, I stand
At my window, reflecting on friends who have flown
In death to the shadowy land.

I see them, and hear them as sweetly discourse,
As they did in the bright days of yore,
When I hoped, if we parted, 'twould be in one band,
But now they are sped on before.

And I wish, though I know that the wish is but vain,
Such fancies for ever might stay;
But like sweet realities fading too soon,
Those fancies recede, and away.

## THE BROKEN HEART.

THEY buried him, her love, her life,
The joy of her young years,
And often to his grave she stray'd,
And water'd it with tears.

And often to herself she said,
And in her heart made moan,
"Ah God! would I could gently rest
My head beside his own!"

She pluck'd the fresh green grass that grew
Above her lover's head,
And placed it in her breast, and sigh'd,
"Ah God! that he is dead!"

But sometimes o'er her fancy came
  The pleasing thought, that she
Might meet him in the quiet glade,
  Where he was wont to be.

So fervently she loved him, that
  She scarcely could believe
He'd gone away for evermore,
  And she was left to grieve.

But then she saw the waving grass
  Upon his early tomb,
And from her heart the fancy flew,
  And left her nought but gloom.

She wept beside him, when the shades
  Of evening fell around,
When not a whispering breeze disturb'd
  The solitude profound.

She wept beside him, when the moon
  Shone clear and bright above,
When from the azure gates of heaven,
  The stars look'd forth with love.

The ruddy morn arose, and brought
  No solace for her woe,
To unseen lands beyond the grave,
  Her spirit long'd to go.

No song of early birds she heard,
  They sang no song for her,
The sweetest strains could not prevail
  Life's happy pulse to stir.

Fair summer flowers about her blew,
  She caught their fragrant breath,
But ne'er could love them, as she loved
  Them all, before his death.

For he was wont to weave a wreath,
  To deck her tresses sheen,
And one bright flower he gave to her,
  To wear it as her queen.

But now he wove no wreath for her,
  She wove a wreath for him,
And dropp'd it on his mossy grave,
  With eyes with sorrow dim.

The youthful bloom upon her cheek,
  Had past away in grief,
The pallid hue too plainly told
  Her days on earth were brief.

Once more she wander'd where he slept,
  The joy of her young years,
Once more she knelt upon his grave,
  And water'd it with tears.

And to herself she softly said,
  And in her heart made moan,
"Ah God! would I could gently rest
  My head beside his own!"

She pluck'd the waving grass, that grew
  Above her lover's head,
And placed it in her breast, and sigh'd,
  "Ah! would that I were dead!"

That whisper'd prayer was heard in heaven,
  And ere the dawn of day,
The soul that long on earth had mourn'd,
  Had past from earth away.

## TO UNA.

O UNA, I arose from sleep,
The sweetest sleep I ever slept,
For I was in a vision deep,
And thy bright form before me stept.

I saw thee beautiful and free,
The darling hope my life to cheer,
And thou didst sweetly smile on me,
And I was happy with thee near.

Bright flitting forms with snowy wings,
Passed lightly on before mine eyes,
With soft and breezy murmurings,
Like the sweet breath of summer skies.

But, fairest of them all, didst thou
  Thy rosy charms of love display,
While o'er thy bright and youthful brow,
  Those sunny locks of thine did play.

Thou art the idol of my dreams,
  My joy, the source of all my bliss,
The star that on my pathway beams,
  And points to a better world than this:

To a better world, where love like ours
  Shall shine refulgent as the day,
And, happy in Elysian bowers,
  Shall know no parting, no decay.

## PARTING AND FORGETTING.

AH! can we forget,
When for ever we part,
From the bright sunny smile,
And the loving, true heart,
The rapture of feeling
That glow'd in the breast,
When we tasted life's pleasures,
With those we loved best!

The memories of these
Will encircle our years,
We shall think of the past,
And recall it with tears.
For true love and friendship
Have something divine,
Which makes their remembrance
Eternally shine.

## DEATH.

HOW wonderful is Death,
The barrier betwixt here and there,
Betwixt this world, and that beyond
The realms of air!

How strange the icy touch, the chill
That makes us nought but loveless clay,
But leaves the viewless spirit free
To pass away!

How wonderful is Death!
Soon as his steady tramp draws near,
The clouds that darken mortal eyes
Fast disappear.

The dream of life is past and gone,
  Realities succeed, and we
Arise, eternity to know,
                That mystery!

How wonderful is Death!
  Strange that the human heart should dread
To view, incased within its shroud,
                The silent dead!

But to the Christian truly sweet
  And welcome is the final hour,
When the pale visitant appears,
                And taps his door.

## THE STORM.

I SAW the gathering clouds o'erhead
Unite, and form a sable mass,
And while their gloomy course they sped,
Black shadows crept along the grass.

The earth look'd dark: the winds were still:
An awful silence reign'd around;
But Eurus soon, with stubborn will,
His barriers burst, and swept the ground.

The deluge fell: all Nature seem'd
A fearful wreck: the warring blast
Shook the proud oak, that long had deem'd
His strength gigantic, unsurpass'd.

Softly an unseen Hand was stirr'd,
  A Voice said to the winds, Be still!
And all was hush'd: no sound was heard,
  Save the light gambol of the rill.

The sun look'd forth and smiled again,
  Descending to the golden west,
While from the hedgerows dropp'd the rain,
  Like glittering pearls with silver drest.

Nature once more laugh'd like a child,
  The clouds dispersed, and all was bright,
As when the rosy dawn hath smiled,
  And chased away black wingèd Night.

FINIS.